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Rosie Black



👁 205 ✓ 12 ⭐ 15

Chapter 1 by Isaiah Alston

"Why do I have to live here" screamed Rosie."I freaking hate it here."

Rosie White hared the town that she live in. Hated it with a passion. She wanted to be a star on Broadway. She wanted to be the main attraction with all eyes on her.

"Calm down Rosie, I was just kidding" replied Marcus

"I don't forgive you" she said and crossed her arms over chest.

"Ok, but i'm just saying that if you really want to be a star that bad you really need to get out of this town."

"Guess your right."

"But they look on the bright side,
smiled.

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Rosie lit up and started to dance. She danced so gracefully. Her steps were timed perfectly. Everything about Rosie was white. From her skin down to her pure soul.

Marcus liked...loved everything about her. From the way her dark hair glistened under the stars outside. Down to the way she blushed when you teased her.

"I'm tired, you ready to go?" asked Rosie. Who had been dozing off the whole afternoon.

"...Yeah." he replied

They were on top of Bobby Crater's warehouse located near the edge of town. This was Rosie's favorite hangout since it was so close to the outside world. She could almost feel it.

THE NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL

"Hi slut" yelled Becky. A plump girl with not much going for her in life.

"What are you girls talking about, I heard she was a lesbo" butted in Harmony. A very stupid girl who was older than everyone because she got held back. More than once.

"Idiots she's a virgin Mary" boomed Riley. The leader of the pact. She basically was what the other girls weren't. PERFECT.

Riley reeled on her foot and lunged at Rosie punching her in the stomach making her fall straight to the ground, hands on her stomach. The other girls began to kick her.

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AFTER SCHOOL

"Hey Rosie—" Marcus stopped.

Rosie had bruises on her face and was suspiciously holding her belly. Her white soul was beginning to darken.

"Let's walk home, just you and me"

She shook her hand and ran to the curb of the street where her house had lay another 30 blocks.

"What's wrong" asked Marcus

Rosie stepped into the street backwards. When she did this a car screeched and hit her head-on. But her body didn't struggle like it had a will to live. She was a walking corpse.

THREE DAYS AFTER TRAGEDY

Rosie had a closed casket funeral. Marcus hated that. He wanted to see Rosie's beautiful pale face again. Even just for a little while. The girls that had supposedly drove her to do this got off with a warning. He didn't like that. NOT ONE BIT.

"Hello Marcus" said a ghostly voice that reached around chest from behind him.

"Hello Rosie" replied Marcus

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"Yes...yes I do."

THREE DAYS AFTER TRAGEDY: RESSURECTION

Chapter 2 by Victoria King

"I like salad!" Marcus screamed.



Chapter 3 by -

He raced to the kitchen and snatched the lettuce, ranch, and croutons. He grabbed a plate and fork and sat down at the dining room table. Marcus made a salad, a *huge* salad and ate it, relishing every single bite of it.



Chapter 4 by -



Marcus had awoken hungry. He had no recollection of the past at all. Nothing except that he liked salad.

And so over the next couple weeks, he ate every kind he could get a hold of. Chicken salad, egg salad, potato salad, spinach salad, fruit salad, vegi salad, etc.

When he ran out of ones to try, Marcus started making up his own! Soon, people would come from all over to try his famous creations. And people were very satisfied with these new kinds of salads.

Marcus had a new purpose in life, the only one he would remember.

Chapter 5 by Monorilakkuma



~~And it was to avenge his best friend, Rosie~~

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Marcus thought about his plans carefully before he gets the act to be played.

He finally had an idea...

Now, all he has to do is to carry his plans out secretly and carefully.

Marcus wouldn't want to get caught for it.

If he did get caught, he'd feel guilty endlessly towards Rosie for not being able to avenge her.

But now, what matters is that he finally remember his purpose for his whole life...

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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